new masses

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MARSHALLING EUROPE

by R. PALME DUTT

My Fall from Grace

by RING LARDNER, JR.

PALESTINE: WHAT NOW?

by A. B. MAGIL

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It doesn't add up...

YOU might call this sort of a treasurer's report. It doesn't add up right but unlike Robert Benchley's famous accounting, it's not funny. Not any funnier than death, taxes and J. Parnell Thomas. Here it is:

On November 25 we announced that because of the failure of our annual financial drive last February to raise the $65,000 needed to cover NM's deficit the magazine was in the most serious crisis in its history as a weekly. We told our readers and friends that we had to raise $15,000 by January 15. Or else. Meaning no more NEW MASSES.

The way things are going now it looks like "or else." We had forty-five days to raise $15,000. That's $333 per day. In the first ten days of this campaign we have received $640—$64 per day. At this rate in forty-five days that will add up to $2,880—and no magazine. When you put the story down in figures it's plain and simple, isn't it?

But it's not so simple when you look at it another way. When you consider these facts:

1. NEW MASSES is needed more today than ever in its thirty-seven-year history.

2. There are enough people in America who believe that, who *know* that, to save NEW MASSES—to keeping it going, fighting.

We know and *you* know that this is true. Dorothy Gilbert Wilson of Woodstock, N. Y., wrote us last week: "So very nearly on the rocks myself that so far I have not answered your appeals this year. However, we can't get along without NEW MASSES so I am doing the best I can." She enclosed $5. Most of our readers agree with Mrs. Wilson—but very few of them have sent anything. If they put their conviction into cash as she did our campaign would be over now. And NEW MASSES would live. That, too, is simple, isn't it?

The danger is not that our readers will not respond. You will. You always have. The danger is that you will act too late. Too many are saying, "Oh, I see they're having another crisis—an annual affair." Or, "I'll send in something pretty soon—one of these days." Or, "They'll pull through—they always do." And the result: $640.

That's our report. No frills or fancy talk. No shrilling or tub-thumping. The plain facts of a life-or-death matter: it's up to you—to all of you.

Will you act before it is too late?

THE EDITORS.

(*See coupon on page* 16)

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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: LOUIS ARAGON • NATHAN AUSUBEL • LIONEL BERMAN • ALVAH BESSIE • DYSON CARTER W. E. B. DuBOIS • R. PALME DUTT • PHILIP EVERGOOD • SENDER GARLIN • BARBARA GILES • ROBERT GWATHMEY • ALBERT E. KAHN ROCKWELL KENT • ALFRED KREYMBORG • JOHN HOWARD LAWSON MERIDEL LE SUEUR • VITO MARCANTONIO • PABLO NERUDA ANTON REFREGIER • PAUL ROBESON • HOWARD SELSAM ISIDOR SCHNEIDER • SAMUEL SILLEN • JAMES TURNBULL CHARLES WHITE • DOXEY WILKERSON.

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Marshalling Europe

They're called the "Marshall Countries"—the sixteen victim nations. But the workers' struggles in France and Italy proclaim the new Resistance.

By R. PALME DUTT

London.

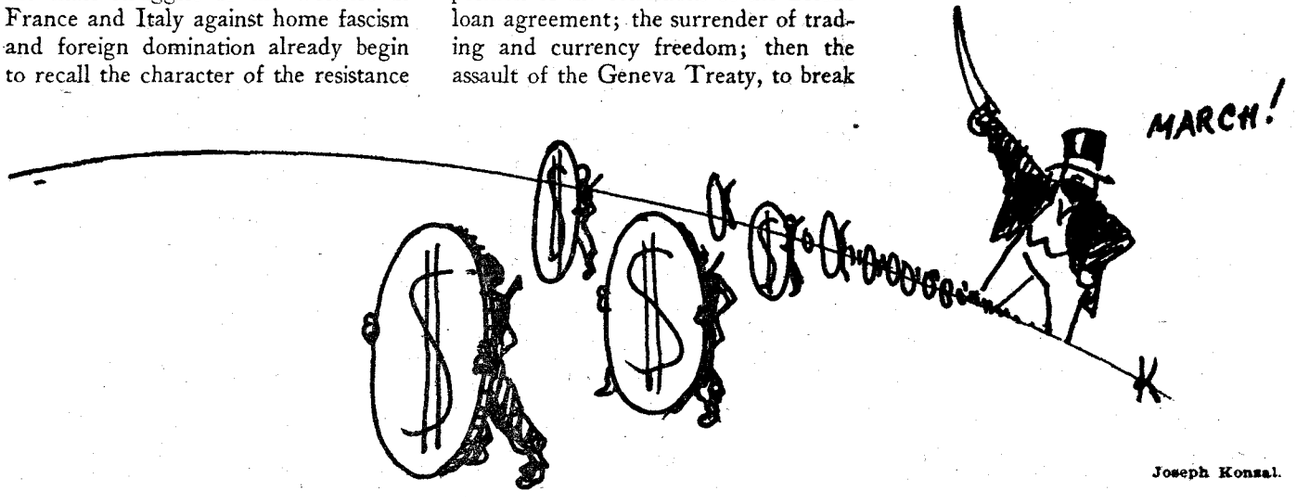
THE Tory successes in the recent municipal elections cannot be seen only in a national setting. They are a part of the general turnover to the Right in the official politics of all the "Marshall countries" (as they are now so delightfully termed in semi-official diplomatic utterance: Why not "Morgan's Empire" or, more simply and plainly, "US dependencies"?). They are part of the same trend as the de Gaulle-Vichy forty percent vote in France, when two years ago de Gaulle had been driven out of French politics and only came back this year to found his Rally with the American Ambassador on the platform of his foundation meeting at Strasbourg. The successes of the Right in the local elections in Britain and France have been openly acclaimed in the American press as victories for the Marshall Plan. "The first dividend on the Marshall Plan" was the New York *Times'* crudely cynical comment on Labor's defeats at the British municipal elections. The "cold war" in Western Europe has already been won, declares Walter Lippmann.

The net is beginning to draw closer around the sixteen victim nations; and the mass struggles of the workers in France and Italy against home fascism and foreign domination already begin to recall the character of the resistance movements, just as in Greece the continuity of the liberation battle against the same oppressors under a shift of patronage is obvious. Yet there are still innocents who affect to see only altruistic philanthropy of soft-hearted American millionaires in the Marshall Plan, and profess amazement at the suggestion of any incursion into domestic politics.

What began as economic and financial intervention now begins to take on a more and more openly political character. The innocents will do well to remember the principle which Hitler laid down long ago in *Mein Kampf*: "A shrewd conqueror will always enforce his exactions only by stages. . . . The more numerous the extortions thus passively accepted, so much the less will resistance appear justified in the eyes of other people if the vanquished nation should end by revolting against the last act of oppression in a long series. And that is especially so if the nation has already patiently and silently accepted impositions which were much more exacting."

Messrs. Marshall and Harriman have evidently studied the textbook of the Master to advantage. First the imposition of the conditions of the British loan agreement; the surrender of trading and currency freedom; then the assault of the Geneva Treaty, to break down the structure of imperial preference; then the humiliation of the Paris Report, written and rewritten under American dictation; then the Means Test of the visiting American Committees of 215 Congressmen flying over to inspect the resources of their new European estate; then the acceptance of the new Marshall proposal of an American "Supervising Agency" nominated by the President, with "local offices" in each Western European country (pardon, "Marshall country"); until finally in the official press of the vanquished countries the very idea of "national independence" begins to be scorned as an obsolete myth. The London *Economist* writes (November 15): "Some of the conditions foreshadowed in Mr. Marshall's statement do represent some infringement of national independence. And so they should." How quickly the accents of Vichy are learned in some quarters. Let Hitler make the comment for the *Economist*:

"A people who have lost all strength of character—which is always the case with every nation that voluntarily submits to the threats of an opponent—will not find in any of these acts of



Joseph Konzal.

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oppression, if one be enforced apart from the other, sufficient grounds for resistance."

LET us finish with the hypocrisy and soft-soap camouflage of philanthropy and face the facts. The aims of the Marshall Plan are openly political and strategic. The Harriman Report states: "The interest of the United States in Europe cannot be measured simply in economic terms. It is also strategic and political. We all know that we are faced in the world today with two conflicting ideologies. One is a system in which individual rights and liberties are maintained. The opposing system is one where iron discipline by the state ruthlessly stamps out individual liberties."

Here the issue is plainly stated: "Individualism," *i.e.*, capitalism, versus socialism or communism. The report goes on to declare that the task is to defeat "the Communist tactic" and proceeds: "Therefore the countries of Western Europe must be restored to a position where they may retain full faith in the validity of their traditional approaches to world affairs."

"Traditional approaches to world affairs," *i.e.*, capitalism and imperialism. The issue is seen as Western capitalism versus communism. Therefore the dollars are held out as a bait to the Western European countries where the peoples have plainly shown their desire to change the social order.

Marshall's position is summarized as follows by Stuart Gelder in the London *News-Chronicle* (November 17): "Mr. Marshall does not believe that America can preserve her independence without fighting another world war for it if, through the economic disruption of Europe and Asia, Communists seize power in the whole of the Eastern Hemisphere. He believes this will occur if Europe and China collapse through economic and political exhaustion, and that Communist dominion over half the earth is the alternative to the Marshall Plan."

Bevin's role from the standpoint of the State Department is defined by the same correspondent: " 'Without Bevin,' said one of the State Department's top-planners to me this week, 'Marshall would have been gesturing to an indifferent world. We regard it as proof of Britain's right to call herself a Great Power that one of her leaders saw that Marshall's imagination and American economic strength were the last defense of crumbling democracies against the inevitable rise of dynamic communism.' "

"Another world war." "The last defense against the inevitable rise of communism." That is the perspective of the Marshall Plan. That is the perspective of Bevin. The lineup is tolerably clear. On the one side, the peoples of Europe and Asia, with communism in the vanguard, struggling for freedom and social justice, and "inevitably" advancing to communism if left free from American intervention. On the other side, American imperialism, as "the last defense" of capitalism against communism, backing reaction in Europe and Asia, with stooges of the Bevin-Blum-Schumacher type to do its work.

For this purpose the dollars are held out as a bait. For this purpose Britain must be bled white to maintain two millions in the armed forces or supplying them, while ever greater shortages are imposed on the people. The Emergency Budget, the municipal elections and the emergence of Mosley all fall into place as phases in this world battle planned by American imperialism.

Why must additional taxation of £208,000,000 be imposed by an Emergency Budget, of which roughly three-fourths falls on the workers and lower incomes and only one-fourth on a small proportion of the increased profits of the rich? Why must food subsidies be pegged, while prices rise, and subsidies on clothing be removed, thus ensuring a further rise in prices? Why must £200,000,000 be withdrawn from capital construction, with the main blows falling on housing (the waiting lists for housing are now higher than at the end of the war), schools, hospitals, new factories or industrial reequipment? . . . . "Saving Western Civilization"?

Yes. We are paying for the honor of "saving Western civilization" — the civilization of Buckingham Palace, Royal Weddings, Waldorf-Astoria Hotels, Hearst and Hollywood — and severed heads in Greece. We are paying for the honor of being "the last bastion" in Europe against communism. Has not Bevin proclaimed to "my dear Americans" at the Savoy Hotel that "we won't let you down," that "Britain is a great bastion in Europe" for "Western civilization," that "standards of life may go back" for the workers, but "we won't fail"?

Has not the British Ambassador in New York declared that the Labor government represents the "banner" for Europe of the "alternative to the lead formerly given by Russia"? Has not Sir Hartley Shawcross declaimed to the Foreign Press Association in New York that Britain will never be "tyrannized or subjugated by either of the competing extremes of state socialism or unbridled capitalism," and then had to correct his slip by explaining amid laughter that by "state socialism" he meant, of course, "communism"? And has not Sir Oswald Mosley joined the happy throng to proclaim the pure gospel of Bevin, that Britain must link up with America "to preserve the remnants of Western civilization," calling for "a Western union to save the world from the barbarians"?

What a chorus! What unanimity! In the holy unanimity of this sacred cause, taken over from Hitler, can we be surprised that a Labor government should call out the police to protect Mosley and fascism from the anger of the people, when British soldiers are being employed to protect the Nazi police state of terror and torture in Greece? Can we spread plague abroad and expect to escape it at home?

THE signs are indeed at danger. The present course of the government is not only shaming and discrediting the Labor movement and driving large sections of the people into the arms of Toryism. It offers no perspective save increasing cuts, and, at the end of all the cuts, according to Cripps' own statement, "economic strangulation" or helpless dependence on the dollar. And President Truman's address has shown that interim dollar aid is to go first and foremost to Germany, Austria, Italy and French reaction, not to Britain; and that Britain is to be left first to sink to deeper bankruptcy and impotence, with prospective exhaustion of the final gold reserves (which are already being used up as rapidly as the old dollar loan), in order to be reduced finally to the position of a completely dependent American satellite.

The choice between surrender and independence will be more difficult then than now. The time to fight is now. Only the speedy awakening of the labor movement can change the present course, prevent a Tory comeback, organize production to raise standards, end the ruinous alliance with American reaction, and go forward with the free progressive peoples for economic recovery and peace.

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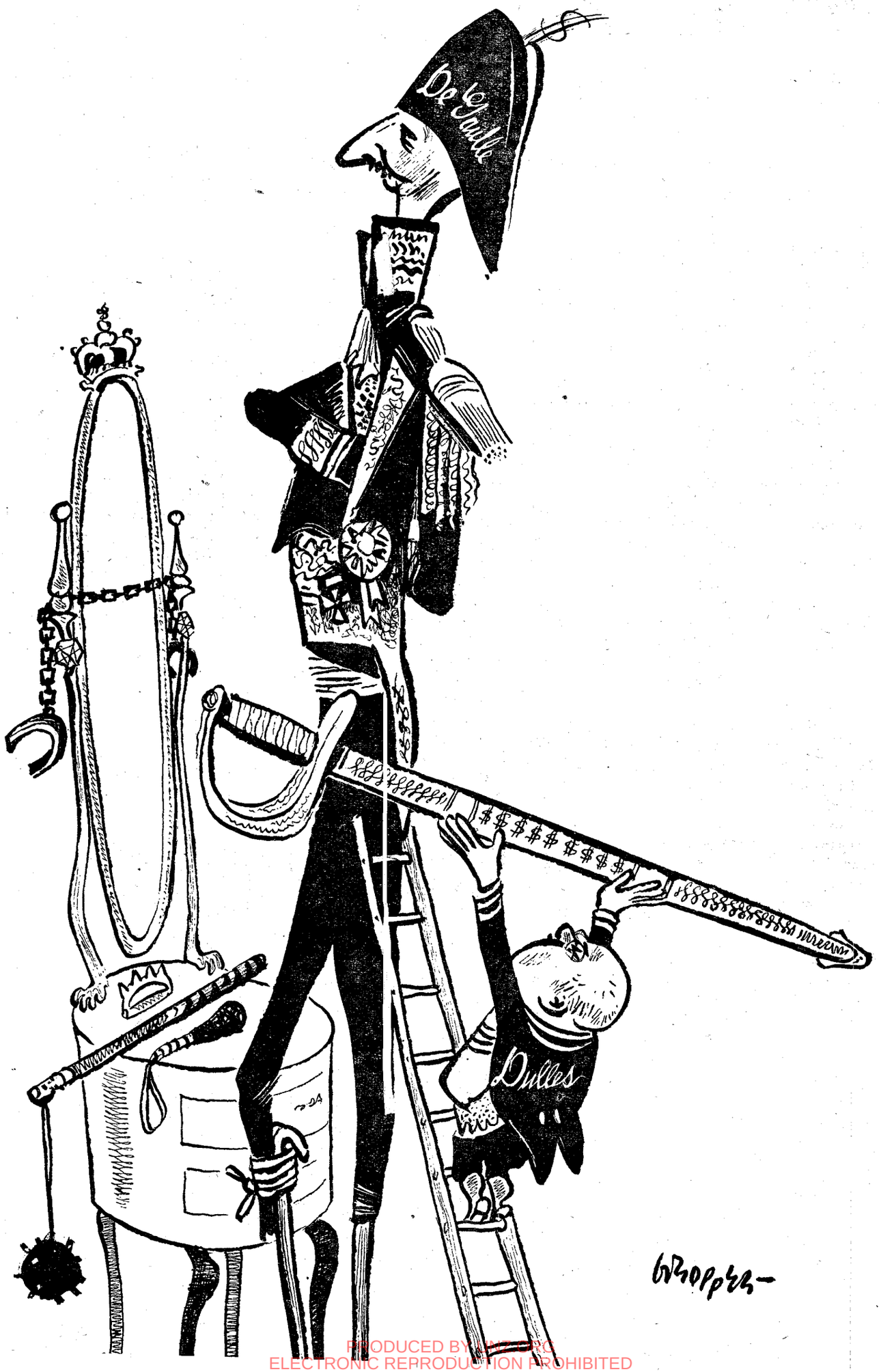

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THE SLIDE RULE TAKES A HOLIDAY

The embattled engineers in the nation's biggest "little" strike are working on their own design.

By LAWRENCE EMERY

THERE is a small crusade going on in the heart of New York City's financial district. Three times a day bands of pickets go round and round in front of four entrances to the building at No. 2 Rector Street. From across the street it looks like any other strike. Sometimes there's trouble, and some of them get arrested. The people on the picketlines are among the country's best engineering designers and draftsmen. Their employer is the world's largest holding company of public utilities, the Electric Bond & Share Co. It owns or controls electric, gas, water, telephone and ice companies in at least thirty-one states in this country and in thirteen foreign countries, mostly in Latin America. It is part of the J. P. Morgan financial empire.

On strike is Ebasco Services, wholly owned subsidiary of E. B. & S., which designs all new construction for the parent company. Last year Ebasco increased its income by 283 percent. It increased its dividends to the parent company 856 percent over the previous year. The parent company's income increased last year by 55 percent. It controls assets of $3,250,000,000. For thirteen weeks now 375 of its most highly skilled employes have been going round and round in picketlines for a 12 percent salary increase to meet the cost of living. The company says its workers can "absorb" rising prices.

But much more than a salary increase is at stake. *Business Week*, an employers' journal, calls it "a strike with a difference" and says the main issue is the "question of just how far organization of high-paid, highly-skilled professional workers should go." Ebasco is willing to tie up a backlog of $160,000,000 worth of new construction to decide the issue on that basis. General Electric, big employer of technical personnel and the primary source of paternalism and company unionism, is concerned enough in the outcome to send observers to the picketline to note the strike's progress. The CIO—the strike is conducted by the Metropolitan Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, affiliated to the UOPWA — attaches equal importance to the contest: Philip Murray has asked all affiliates to support the strike financially and has indicated a willingness to participate personally in negotiations for a settlement.

The strikers are professional and licensed engineers; most of them have engineering degrees with years of experience in their field, and they hold membership in the tightly-restricted engineering societies. Many of them insist now that they will not remain in the profession without a union. In the fourteenth week of the strike, with no prospect of an early break in the company's refusal to negotiate, they voted solidly to stay out for as long as it takes to win.

It takes exceptional ability and a long time of hard effort to reach the top ranks in the engineering professions, but the technical attainments of Ebasco's employes have earned them no respect from the company. One of the most active strikers today joined the union some two years ago when he heard an Ebasco executive remark as he headed for the engineering offices, "Well, I think I'll go down and visit the coolie department."

THE company is tough. It has rejected every effort to reach a settlement and has told both city and state conciliation services literally to go to hell. It has gone in for strike-breaking in the classic tradition, using every method, including provocation on the picketline — there have been eight arrests so far on charges ranging from disorderly conduct up to inciting to riot. In charge of the union-busting is the old master, Walter Gordon Merritt, superannuated now but with a brilliant anti-labor career which began in 1902 when he engineered the Danbury Hatters Case. Samuel Gompers once called him "a servant of greed, doing a nasty, despicable job." He is still at it, and he is the man the strikers will have to do business with when the company decides to bargain with its employes. When he was hired, the strikers' bulletin asked simply: "Can he design power houses?"

Chairman of the Board of Directors of E. B. & S. is fifty-seven-year-old Curtis Ernest Calder, a man who might serve as a model for a cartoon

Linoleum cut by Ben Bloom, one of the Ebasco strikers.

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capitalist. He is the chairman or a director of nine other huge corporations; strikers think the most apt of his titles is that of President and Director of the Southwestern Sewer Co. He is a member of the executive committee of the NAM. As an Armistice Day spokesman for that organization, he presented as a condition for European countries receiving US aid that they "take and enforce adequate measures to ensure maximum domestic production, including longer working hours." "That," he added, "is what we think is good for them." It is not difficult to understand why the remark is infuriating to Ebasco strikers; they place it beside the crack about coolies. A chatty little item in *Investor's Reader* says: "A palmist by hobby, Curtis Calder frequently looks at a person's palm after shaking hands." A striker commented, "Brother, if that guy ever examines your hand you'd better count your fingers."

Early in the strike an employe who declined to join the walkout thought it was a good time to ask for a raise; his devotion to the firm was proved by his scabbing. He made the request and was promptly fired. It's a tough company; the strikers have no illusions about it.

THE union was established in Ebasco in April, 1946, when it was chosen as bargaining agent. A contract was signed in September of that year, but only after the threat of a strike and pressure on the company by the Latin-American labor movement, which sent a delegation up and threatened a strike in Cuba where the firm has huge power holdings.

Under the contract average salaries were boosted by $1,000 or more a year; some employes jumped from $150 a month to $350. Average weekly wage was set at $90; senior designers went up to $103 a week. These figures compare with a national average of $63 a week for engineers in unorganized shops. Security was also achieved; during the life of the contract there was only one dismissal, and that one was justified. Previously, "five o'clock shadow" had been a standard phrase in the office: it referred to the shadow of the office supervisor who would come around at quitting time on payday and with a tap on the shoulder tell a man he was through. A company spokesman has admitted that under the union contract the company achieved the most efficient and stable organization it ever had.

But when it came time to negotiate a new contract this year the Taft-Hartley law was on the books. The company didn't even make a pretense of bargaining with the union. It took an either-or position and forced the strike; during the year it had prepared for a possible walkout by recruiting bright young graduates from Princeton and MIT and putting them to work at $75 a week. But when the strike came more than ninety percent of the employes walked out and have remained solid.

Now in the fourteenth week spirit is still at its peak; the union's offices, scattered over two floors in an ancient building at 5 Beekman Street, hum and buzz with the activities of a score of committees. Everybody is in a hurry. People don't walk from one office to another—they run. There are no slide rules in sight, only picket signs. The strikers are heading into a rough winter and resources are running thin; strike benefits are costing more than $5,000 a week now. But other CIO unions are chipping in and support is coming from unexpected sources: the Bootblacks Union has "adopted" a striking engineer, and the organized scrubwomen at Columbia University have sent in contributions. An average of 200 pickets are on hand three times a day.

It's a mean strike against a big, rough and tough company but nobody is giving in: power houses can't be built without their skill. And they won't design power houses without union security.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

News Item: President Truman orders investigation of high-ranking officers receiving disability pensions.

The assumption that merely because a high-ranking officer never went overseas his disabilities are open to suspicion is highly unfair. No medical examiner can deny that pain and suffering go with desk-chair splinters, night-club fatigue or the air sickness incident to plane trips from Washington to New York.

The Pentagon Building and its environs weren't exactly a picnic. One general now receiving a disability pension had his ear badly chewed at a cocktail party. This would stifle those critics who claim that there were so many general's stars at these parties that bartenders served drinks by celestial navigation. It may also free one worthy five-star general from the slanderous nickname of "The Big Dipper."

Above all we must remember that some of these officers also had corporations to think about. Many had to wage a continuous Battle of the Bulge getting in and out of their armchairs. The GI who received a bayonet wound overseas is nothing compared to the general in Washington who received a cut every week.

•

The Hearst press is indignant at the "promiscuous frequenting" of saloons by women. It's getting so that there isn't room for their editorial writers.

•

A Gallup poll reveals that more than two million Americans never heard of President Truman. There are probably several million more who wish they hadn't.

•

Charles Luckman of Lever Brothers reports that his advertising methods saved millions of tons of food for the US. His final slogan will probably be "Let them eat soap."

•

Lt. Philip Mountbatten isn't going to let marriage interfere with his naval career. He wants it known that when he becomes an Admiral in a few weeks it will be the fruit of superior ability and hard work.

•

Congress has voted two million dollars to provide relief for the Navajo Indians. All that is asked in return is an affidavit declaring that their color has no political significance.

•

Representative Thomas says that Attorney-General Clark's list of subversive groups does not include many false-front organizations. It seems that his recent Hollywood investigation went further than most people believed.

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PALESTINE: What Now?

The fight against US and British imperialism has only begun. Outlook for the Jewish and Arab states.

By A. B. MAGIL

DOES the United Nations action mean a free Palestine? Yes and no. When the vote of the General Assembly is implemented, it will provide the political framework and the opportunity for genuine independence. In this sense the UN decision marks a new stage in the battle of the peoples of Palestine and of the whole Middle East for freedom and democracy. However, this decision is more beginning than end. It opens the door to independence a few inches, but the forces seeking to slam it shut again remain formidable and can be overcome only by the most determined struggle on the basis of a realistic appraisal of the problems involved.

What is the nature of this initial victory and how was it won? These are not academic questions: the answers to them are essential for understanding what is required to carry through the UN decision and reach beyond it to fuller freedom and progress. The most fundamental fact about Palestine is that it is a colony whose problems are interwoven with all the conflicts that rend the imperialist world, particularly those of that vast oil empire and key strategic area known as the Middle East. The second fact to bear in mind is that after thirty years of imperialist rule whose fruit was increased oppression, bloodshed and what even the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry termed "a semi-military police state," the first positive step toward solving the Palestine problem and fulfilling the aspirations of its peoples was taken only as a result of the mobilization of anti-imperialist forces inside and outside of Palestine through the medium of the United Nations. The third fact is that in this anti-imperialist alignment the decisive role was played by the Soviet Union and the new people's democracies of eastern Europe.

All previous efforts to shape a solution of the complicated Palestine problem had failed because all of them were based on continued subjection of the country to alien rule. This was true not only of the various commissions and plans of the British government, but also of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry in 1946. This latter effort, since it for the first time officially involved the United States in such a body, only served to underline the bankruptcy of all imperialist solutions of the Palestine problem.

It required the introduction of a new factor, an anti-imperialist factor of major proportions, to alter the relation of forces in the Palestine struggle and compel an imperialist retreat. When Gromyko made his historic speech of May 14 at the special session of the UN assembly, it became clear at once that tremendous power had been thrown on the side of Palestine freedom. The Soviet initiative, actively supported by its allies in eastern Europe and joined to the efforts of the Jewish liberation movement, including the vacillating Zionist leadership, proved decisive. Today the warmth of feeling toward socialist Russia among the Jewish people in the United States, in Palestine and in other countries contrasts sharply with the virulent anti-Soviet propaganda that pollutes all the channels of public opinion.

IT SHOULD be no less clear that those who retreated in the Palestine struggle were not only the British imperialists, but the American as well. It has often been said that the US lacks a policy toward Palestine. However, it is not lack of policy but the difficulties of carrying it through and the conflicting pressures to which it has been subjected that account for the ambiguities, hesitations and hypocrisies in Washington's approach. The principal direction of American policy toward Palestine is governed by its imperialist stakes in the Middle East and by the role of the US as leader of world reaction in the drive against democracy and socialism. The main thrust of this policy is so strong that even under President Roosevelt it was not significantly curbed. In his book *Behind the Silken Curtain*, Bartley Crum, a member of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry, reports that on examining the State Department file on Palestine he was shocked to discover that "since Sept. 15, 1938, each time a promise was made to American Jewry regarding Palestine, the State Department promptly sent messages to the Arab rulers discounting it and reassuring them, in effect, that regardless of what was promised publicly to the Jews, nothing would be done to change the situation in Palestine."

Though these words were written months before the opening of the UN debate, Mr. Crum's words accurately describe the essence of American tactics in that debate: the shifts and doubletalk, the oblique efforts to reduce British power in Palestine yet save it from total expulsion, the public support of independence and the behind-the-scenes sabotage — all of which reached a climax in the eleventh-hour effort of the State Department to use the US satellites, Haiti, the Philippines, Liberia, Greece, and Kuomintang China as trigger-men in killing the UN plan. If this devious game failed, if the conflict of interest between Britain and the US redounded to the benefit of the anti-imperialist forces, if President Truman's concern about the Jewish vote in 1948 ultimately overrode the State Department's concern about imperialist plums, it was only thanks to the strong stand of the USSR and the massive support which the majority plan of the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine enlisted both in the UN and in our own country.

Does the UN decision constitute a vindication of Zionist policies, as American Zionist leaders claim? On the contrary. The world Zionist movement has in recent years been divided between the adherents of Dr. Chaim

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Weizmann, who continued to place their trust in British imperialism, and the American Zionist leadership, who oriented toward American imperialism. How suicidal were the policies of both groups was demonstrated when last year's Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry, despite the presence on it of a number of liberals and even "left" Laborites, turned its back on independence and insisted that "Palestine shall be neither a Jewish state nor an Arab state," but must continue to be a British colony. It was only to the extent that the Zionist leaders, in the course of the UN debate, modified their previous hostility toward the Soviet Union and supported the efforts of the USSR and its allies that they were able to exert the kind of pressure on the Truman administration which contributed to the favorable vote. For the rank and file of the Zionist movement and for the Jewish people generally all this holds profound lessons for the future.

WHAT of that future? In the first place, between the UN decision and its practical fulfillment lies a very stony road. Both Britain and the United States can be counted on to feed the flames of Arab-Jewish conflict and create pretexts for preserving imperialist rule in Palestine. It will require unceasing vigilance and determined efforts by the progressive forces among both Arabs and Jews to bank the fires of Arab-Jewish antagonism and give bone and muscle to the UN resolution.

Second, it should not be blinked that the independence of Palestine is being established in an unfavorable form which derives from imperialist rule. By creating the conditions which divided these peoples and made inevitable the partitioning of Palestine British imperialism, even in the process of loosening its grip, has succeeded in erecting serious obstacles to complete independence. However, it should be recognized that the UN plan has three important advantages over all previous partition plans as well as over the status quo: it provides for the elimination of the British governing authority and British occupation troops; it establishes statehood and political independence for both Jews and Arabs; it provides economic union of the Jewish and Arab states, which can become the foundation for eventual political union.

Though partition and Jewish-Arab antagonism (which, incidentally, exists more at the top than among the peoples) are at the moment uppermost, the central problem facing Palestine is

My Fall from Grace

IT'S hard for a man to face objectively the fact that his own character has been undermined. I knew that Hollywood was generally conceded to be a sinful place but until quite recently I deluded myself that I had survived twelve years there with only minor damage to my moral standards. During the last few months, however, the evidence of my depravity has accumulated so rapidly that even I am convinced.

It started when the Production Code Administration, familiarly known as the Breen Office, rejected a script of mine on the grounds that it attacked the institution of marriage by showing that the parties to a divorce might eventually readjust to new relationships. Then the picture *Forever Amber,* a measure of responsibility for which it is too late to disclaim, was judged a serious threat to the precarious state of virtue in which the Roman Catholic Church always finds its communicants. This startled me because Philip Dunne and I had taken the precaution of using a typewriter-ribbon inked with Purex for the screenplay, and most of the cash customers we heard from were under the impression they had been betrayed in a quite different sense.

I realize now there must have been plenty of talk by this time about my moral disintegration. I can even remember a tendency for parents to send their children out to play when I came calling, but I always assumed it was because they were sick and tired of the little rascals' constant chatter like anyone else. When the final clinching blow struck in the form of a cancellation of my contract with 20th Century-Fox, invoking a clause designed to protect the studio from the stigma of moral turpitude on the part of its employes, I was jolted into awareness of the depths to which I had sunk. Had I actually permitted myself "to be held in public ridicule, scorn or contempt" as the official letter of dismissal alleged? The answer was so clear that only my blind subjectivity could have obscured it. From condoning divorce I had descended to portraying a seventeenth-century Corliss Archer, and finally to a point where I publicly questioned the intentions of the Thomas Committee. A less demoralized character than I would not have waited till Eric Johnston so branded it to realize that citing the Bill of Rights against its opponents is "a disservice to democracy."

RING LARDNER, JR.

(Mr. Lardner, who has written this statement for NEW MASSES, *is one of Hollywood's famed nineteen hostile witnesses, and one of the ten who were "purged" from the movie industry at the command of the Un-Americans.)*

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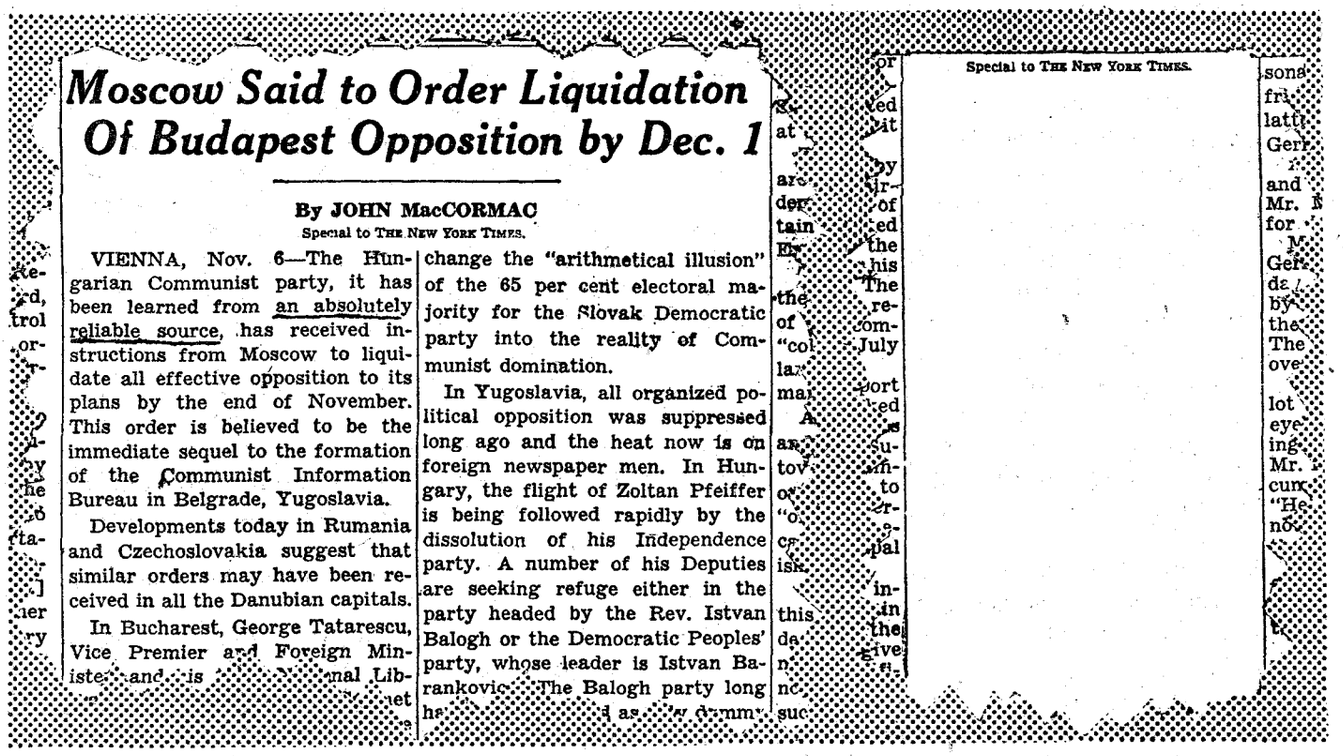
the fact that political independence will still leave the country economically unfree and geographically situated within the vortex of major imperialist power drives. Virtually all of its neighbors provide eloquent confirmation of Lenin's statement in *Imperialism*: "Finance capital is such a great, it may be said, such a decisive force in all economic and international relations, that it is capable of subordinating to itself, and actually does subordinate to itself even states enjoying complete political independence." A glaring example in our own back yard is the Philippines.

Today Palestine's electric power, its large banks, insurance companies and other leading enterprises are controlled by British capital. The American-owned Trans-Arabian Pipeline Co., in which Rockefeller interests are dominant, has been granted a concession to build an oil pipeline from Saudi-Arabia to the Palestine coast, and to construct its own harbors, railroads and airfields and maintain its own police force—all this tax-free. Native industry, preponderantly Jewish-owned, labors under many disabilities.

More serious is the fact that, though Palestine itself contains no oil, it is surrounded by the richest oil empire in the world, the hunting grounds of American and British trusts and their governmental patrons. Moreover, situated at the crossroads of Europe, Asia and Africa, this tiny country with an area approximately that of Maryland serves as a bridgehead for the aggressive designs of the powers which dominate that empire. A fog of propaganda about "Russian expansionism" cannot conceal those who have really expanded into the Middle East, who are looting its treasures and quarreling over the booty, and who are seeking to dam up its ancient peoples in the feudal bondage essential for continued plunder. "The United States is rapidly replacing Britain as the biggest oil operator in the oil-rich countries of the Middle East," stated the February 11 issue of David Lawrence's magazine *World Report*. And according to the same publication, "Oil has brought the US a new frontier between the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean Sea. Like all frontiers it is a potential source of international quarrels."

And along with American oil concessions in Saudi Arabia go American loans to its feudal rulers — and an American air base. With Greece conceived as the western rampart of this oil empire, it is clear that the Truman Doctrine, apart from its larger world significance, has a special meaning in relation to the Middle East. The Middle East, in turn, because of its proximity to the chief anti-imperialist force, the Soviet Union, has a special place in the military-strategic plans of the Wall Street and Downing Street empire-builders.

WHAT role, then, will the independent Jewish and Arab states of Palestine, once established, play in this witches' cauldron of imperialist plunder and power politics? The answer to this question depends, in my opinion, primarily on the internal development of the Jewish state. In an area in which imperialism is buttressed by feudalism, the Jewish state will be economically and politically the most advanced in the Middle East. Moreover, the Jewish nation in Palestine has a relatively large and vigorous working class which has attained considerable political maturity. One out of every four Palestine Jews is a member of Histadruth, the Jewish Federation of Labor. The political weight of the workers and the strength of socialist sentiment is attested by the fact that Palestine's largest party is the Labor Party (Mapai) and that three other parties to the left of it—Achduth Avodah, Hashomer Hatzair and the



Moscow Said to Order Liquidation Of Budapest Opposition by Dec. 1

By JOHN MacCORMAC
Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

VIENNA, Nov. 6—The Hungarian Communist party, it has been learned from an absolutely reliable source, has received instructions from Moscow to liquidate all effective opposition to its plans by the end of November. This order is believed to be the immediate sequel to the formation of the Communist Information Bureau in Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

Developments today in Rumania and Czechoslovakia suggest that similar orders may have been received in all the Danubian capitals.

In Bucharest, George Tatarescu, Vice Premier and Foreign Minister, and [illegible] Liberal [illegible] change the "arithmetical illusion" of the 65 per cent electoral majority for the Slovak Democratic party into the reality of Communist domination.

In Yugoslavia, all organized political opposition was suppressed long ago and the heat now is on foreign newspaper men. In Hungary, the flight of Zoltan Pfeiffer is being followed rapidly by the dissolution of his Independence party. A number of his Deputies are seeking refuge either in the party headed by the Rev. Istvan Balogh or the Democratic Peoples' party, whose leader is Istvan Barankovic. The Balogh party long ha[illegible] as [illegible]

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Left: On November 7 the New York *Times* scored a clean beat with the exclusive front-page dispatch reproduced above. On December 1—the fateful date—the pillar of American journalism followed through with the above story (right) from the same "absolutely reliable source."

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Communist Party—also have a substantial following. In addition, large numbers of Palestine's farmers are socialist in sentiment and have organized cooperative and communal farms partly in an effort, however illusory, to escape from the imperatives of capitalist market relations.

However, everything depends on whether the Jewish workers and their allies will be able to unite against both American and British imperialism and thrust aside those leaders who under cover of socialist phrases truckle to one or the other power.

Two paths of development are open to the Jewish nation and its state. One is the path of accommodation to imperialism and the creation of a bourgeois republic after the Western pattern within the narrow economic and political limitations that imperialism will impose. In practice this will mean that Palestine will become a satellite of the United States and a pawn in its war plans. The other is the path of democratic development toward socialism through transition forms springing from Palestine's own conditions and similar to those of the people's democracies in eastern Europe. This is possible in Palestine because monopoly capital exists there only in the form of foreign capital, chiefly British. In the absence of a Jewish monopolist bourgeoisie—though many Jewish businessmen have close ties with American and British capital—and in view of the relative strength of the labor and progressive elements, the establishment of a Jewish state affords the opportunity to utilize state power as a major political lever for combining the struggle to free the country from all foreign exploiters with the democratic battle for a people's democracy facing toward socialism. And by nationalizing all foreign-owned enterprises as part of an anti-imperialist program the government of the Jewish state can acquire a major economic lever for moving toward this goal.

IT CAN be taken for granted that not only the outright bourgeois parties in Palestine—the General Zionists, Mizrachi (orthodox religious group), the extreme right-wing Revisionists, etc.—but also the present Social-Democratic leadership of the Labor Party, who are political bedfellows of Bevin and Attlee, will seek to drag Palestine along the first path. However, the strength and political level of the working class and its allies create favorable opportunities for frustrating these efforts and taking the path of full independence, democracy and socialism. One effect of the achievement of statehood by the Jewish and Arab nations is likely to be the acceleration of the class struggle within the country. So long as Palestine was a colony, the class conflict was subordinated to the national struggle and nationalist illusions and prejudices prevailed among all workers except those influenced by the Communists. Even under these conditions large militant strikes have taken place, in some of which Jewish and Arab workers have fought side by side.

As for the Arab state in Palestine, it can become an important factor among the Arab nations in the battle for the economic, social and political liberation of the whole Middle East. The Arab nation in Palestine will face the problem of combining the struggle against foreign imperialism with the fight against the native feudal effendi and religious leaders—the fight for an agrarian revolution and bourgeois democratic reforms. This task will be greatly facilitated by the forging of cooperative relations with the Jewish state. At the moment the future of the Arab state is clouded by the bitter reaction to the UN decision. Much will depend on the attitude of the progressive Arab labor leaders and intellectuals, who hitherto have failed to recognize that despite the reactionary, pro-imperialist character of Zionist colonization after World War I, the irreversible present-day reality is that the Jews in Palestine have developed to the point where they constitute a distinct nation and not simply a national minority. If the Arab workers and other progressives quickly abandon their hostility to partition and press toward cooperation with the Jewish state and common struggle against common enemies, the Arab nation too can move in a relatively short time toward people's democracy and socialism.

For the Jewish and Arab peoples are not without allies. Throughout the Middle East the forces of national and social emancipation are awakening. In Asia and Africa the anti-imperialist tide is rising. In the United States and other countries the democratic elements who resist the advance toward fascism and war will be rendering aid to democratic Palestine. Above all, there are those who provided the dynamic leadership which made possible the UN decision. For in one important respect Lenin's previously quoted statement, written thirty-one years ago, needs amendment today. Finance capital is no longer everywhere "a decisive force in all economic and international relations." Today the force of socialism is increasingly decisive. The Jewish and Arab states can by trading with the Soviet Union and the new people's democracies help solve their economic problems and reduce their dependence on the United States and Britain. Close political friendship will also be of powerful assistance. The victory at the UN is an augury of what, despite enormous difficulties, is possible in the future.

MONOPOLY LOVE SONG

Under the Rockefeller sky,
By the Morgan and Company moon,
I swear my cartelove for you
(A B.M.I. copyright tune).

DuPont to DuPont, Ford to Ford,
Armour, toujours l'Armour;
As corporation to capital,
So my love for you is sure.

Like Taft and Hartley, Un and American,
Let us be faithful and true;
Merging our interests and per cents
In one company union for two.

EVE MERRIAM.

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CERVANTES: The Stubborn Shadow

Paris.

by JEAN CASSOU

THIS year the civilized world commemorates the four-hundredth anniversary of Cervantes, national genius and national hero of Spain. But what do these words mean? Where is Spain? What connection is there between the bloody caricature of Hitlerism now occupying all of Spanish soil and Spain—her civilization, the great fighters she has given humanity: Cervantes, Don Quixote? If we are called upon to commemorate Moliere or Victor Hugo, we can do it in our own land, and the whole world will send its messages of tribute to Paris. England can celebrate Shakespeare and Italy Dante. But the windmills of La Mancha now turn beneath a desolate and forsaken sky; and Cervantes can only be commemorated in hearts held captive or scattered over the four corners of the earth. What is still called Spain has been ground down and only exists in an ideal form, in memories, imaginations, thoughts, sorrows and angers.

Spain, the Spain of Cervantes, is now but a name. The people of Spain are in chains and torment. The intellectuals of Spain are in exile. The new generations of young Spaniards still speak Spanish, but they fought in World War II in the uniform of an American paratrooper or a French maquis fighter. They must adapt themselves to life in a foreign country, they must look for openings in foreign universities, foreign factories and offices. This year the world of culture pays tribute to Cervantes as an author who belongs to world culture yet who no longer has any ties with present-day Spain, an author like Homer. And in his tomb Cervantes can murmur the line from Heine: *"Once I had a beautiful fatherhood. . . ."*

What has become of this fatherland? I have just read a book by a Spaniard in exile, Victoria Kent, a woman who held a responsible post in the government of the Republic and who, with the generosity and social awareness of a modern Spanish woman, attempted to carry out important reforms in the prison system. Her book is called *Quatre Ans a Paris* (Four Years in Paris) and is a diary of her exile in France during the German occupation. It is a moving story of an exile in our country, a terrible story of a human being who sees her defeat and persecution begin all over again, who shares our anguish and our hope, who witnesses our liberation and who, once again, sees herself plunged into servitude.

We will never have words enough to praise the greatness and stoicism of the Spanish exiles; we will never be able to feel with sufficient intensity the double disillusionment of these men and women who have seen the power of Hitlerism crumble and their fatherland still remain under its sway. The first wave of fascism spread over the world by way of Spain, for Spain was one of the crucial points in the Nazi plan to conquer the world. It is still one of the crucial points, and those who plot the second wave of fascism are determined to see to it that Spain remains fascist. They began with Spain; they will begin again with Spain.

We feel a kind of awkward modesty and shame—no, it is not pity, above all, no pity!—before these Spanish exiles who are among us and who invite us to celebrate with them the memory of their and our Cervantes. We have won back our country, and they are still those souls in anguish we once

It's hard to believe, but Bill Gropper was fifty years old the other day. Hard to believe because he's that kind of a guy: unquenchably young, with fire pouring out of him all the time. Yet it's thirty years and more since that East Side youngster started publishing his incomparable drawings for the old *Masses*. And here he is still going strong today, each week's cartoon in NEW MASSES a fresh work of art, a fresh challenge to the forces of greed, oppression and war.

Bill Gropper is one of the great artists of our time, a modern Daumier whose work is known and loved in every country of the world. A magazine or newspaper will come into our office from Australia or South Africa or Cuba or France or the Soviet Union. We open it up and there is a Gropper cartoon taken from our own pages. Remember the one he did a few weeks ago on the persecution of Hanns Eisler—one of his best? Just the other day a friend sent us a clipping from *Neues Deutschland*, published by the Socialist Unity Party in Berlin, with the Eisler cartoon reproduced.

As a painter Gropper is one of America's best: his work is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art and in others of the country's leading museums. His fertility is the wonder of his fellow-artists. Besides his weekly cartoons for NM, Gropper has for twenty-five years done a daily cartoon for the Yiddish *Morning Freiheit*, drawings for various other publications, posters, and his output of paintings would be phenomenal if he devoted himself to that alone.

Fond greetings, Bill, from the editors and readers of NEW MASSES.

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were. Hardened in their distress, they carry out their difficult work; and they continue to wander, last bearers of a cultural heritage that was sublime. They ask themselves: to whom will we hand on this heritage? On the other side of the Pyrenees wall, an entire people of prisoners, before climbing the steps to the scaffold, must attend the prescribed mass every morning and utter three times the sacrosanct name of the unspeakable Franco.

HERE I would like to address myself specifically to the Spanish Catholics who are in Spain and ask them if they feel the torrent of anger rising in the hearts of the victims, their victims. I would also like French Catholics to know and understand the just reasons for this anger directed especially against the Church. Not enough is known in France of the vital role which the Church has played in the affairs of Spain: this is not a romantic theme but a terrible and still living reality. I have just read another book, this one written by a conservative Republican, a moderate and a Catholic, Sanchez Guerra. This volume, *Mes Prisons* (My Prisons), tells how he was kept in jail by the Franco regime. It too is a moving story in which the author writes: "I don't want to know anything more about the merchants and Pharisees. And I don't want to have anything in common with them because I am Catholic. And just because I am a Catholic, a devout practicing Catholic, a true Christian, I don't want to have anything to do with those intransigent and criminal Spanish Rightists who offend the doctrine of Christ; those false apostles who, instead of repeating 'Peace be with you,' provoked the war in Spain; who made oceans of blood flow, brought sorrow to every home, and unleashed hatred; those reactionary Spanish Rightists, arrogant and fanatical, criminal and blind; those Spanish Rightists who have always sought to block the birth of a new Spain and who prevented it from coming into being in 1812, in 1834, in 1873 and in 1936. But now they will no longer be able to prevent it."

Spanish reaction has added something to Italian Fascism and German Nazism: a note of stupidity and hypocrisy, the note of the Inquisition, the note of clericalism. These things must be known: they foretell the kind of fury that cannot but break loose, that will inevitably one day break loose and rain its first blows on the apostolic Roman Catholic Church in Spain, servant of Mammon, eldest daughter of Satan. A priest of these doomed churches, of this cursed Church, who calls himself "Dom Aurelius," wrote an article in the newspaper *Hierro* of Bilbao in which he assailed as "a monstrous ingratitude and a sin" the strike which the Basque workers called several months ago. So this desperate struggle led by the Basque people together with all their priests, which should have elicited the admiration of the world if the world still had a conscience, was a sin. For according to the theologians of Franco, Jesus came to save the rich and punish the poor; he came to proclaim eternal damnation for the peoples who dare to fight for their freedom.

SO THAT is how it stands: all the potentates of the world today, including and especially those who boast of being the spiritual powers, conspire to maintain Spain in her degradation and ruin.

Of Spain nothing remains but a mist, across which float a few memories, vague names murmured like litanies, the meaning of which has been blotted out: Cervantes . . . Don Quixote . . . That was four hundred years ago, and for four hundred years humanity drank at those sacred springs which now seem so remote. They come from a far-off muffled country, a land of mills, of stony earth, of olive trees and sun, where once a people struggled. Today this people, a great and sublime people, is in agony. But with this martyred people, with those of its children who have taken refuge with us and walk among us like stubborn shadows, let us commemorate stubbornly and with stubborn hope the heroic presence of Don Quixote.

Jean Cassou, French poet, critic and author of the novel on the Paris Commune, "Massacres de Paris," is the leading authority on Cervantes in France. He was an important figure in the Resistance and was imprisoned for his activities.

(Translated by John Rossi.)

BIG CONTEST!

ON DECEMBER 2 the New York *Herald Tribune* printed a letter from Mr. E. B. White, author and *New Yorker* staff writer, together with a reply in its editorial columns. Mr. White charged that the newspaper had "tripped over the First Amendment" when it recently suggested that employes should be required to state their beliefs in order to hold their jobs. He concluded by saying, "It is not a crime to believe anything at all in America. To date it has not been declared illegal to belong to the Communist Party. Yet ten men have been convicted not of wrongdoing but of wrong believing. That is news in this country, and if I have not misread history, it is bad news."

In its reply the *Tribune* said, "We do not 'trip over the First Amendment.' We think that the First Amendment carried obligations as well as guarantees. We think those obligations have something to do with thoughts as well as with actions. . . ."

New Masses herewith announces an essay contest on the subject: HOW THE FIRST AMENDMENT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH AN OBLIGATION FOR THOUGHT CONTROL. *Grand prize will be something like a mink coat. Contestants are limited to editorial writers of the New York "Herald Tribune" and their families. Contest closes on Dec. 31, 1947. For the information of contestants the complete text of the First Amendment is as follows:*

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

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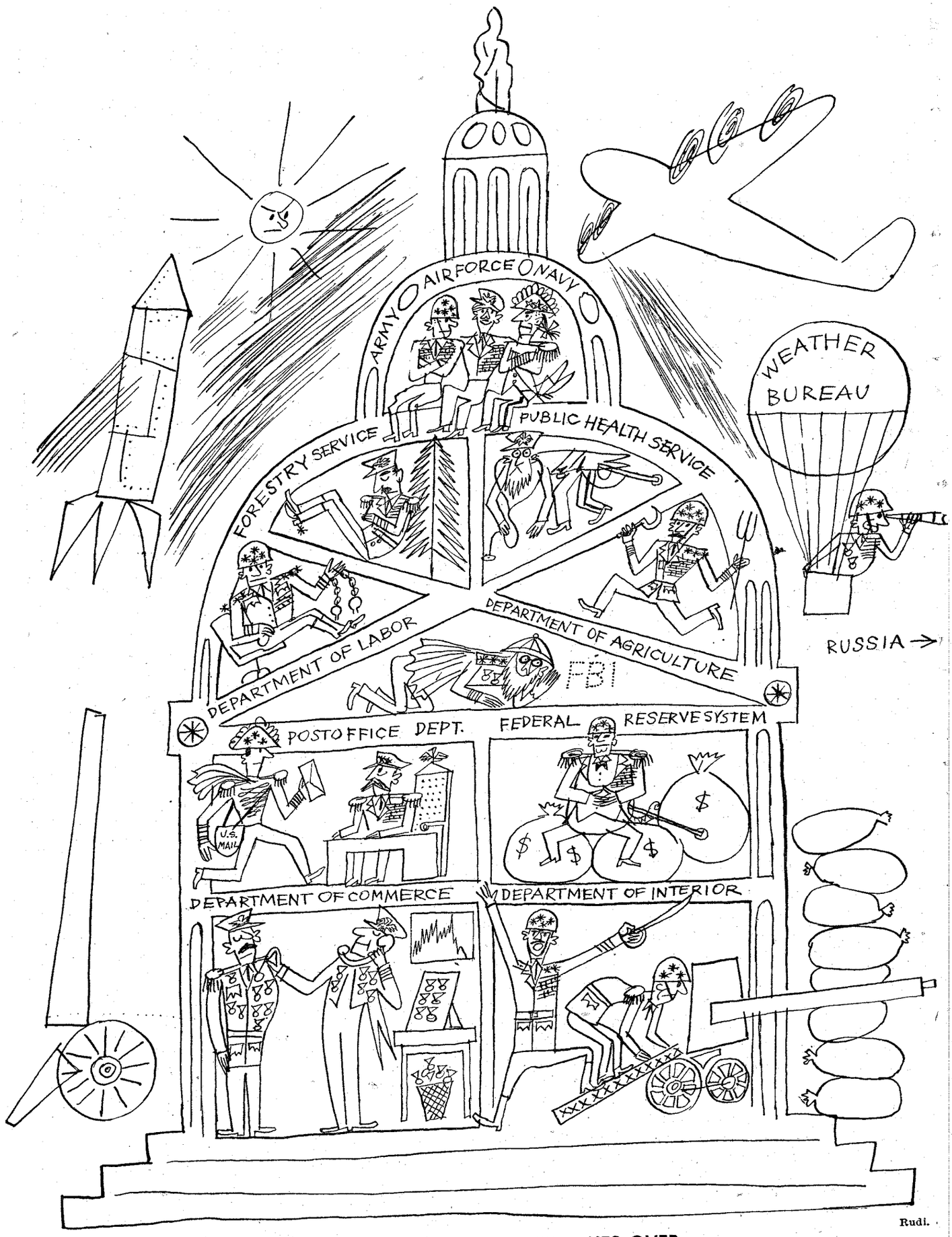

Rudi.

WASHINGTON: THE BRASS TAKES OVER

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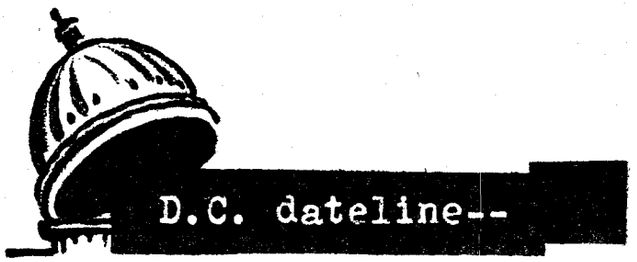

Haberdasher's Inventory

Washington.

LIKE Ko-ko, everyone in Washington seems to have a list. Attorney General Tom Clark released his last week, although there was wide difference as to the number of groups, schools and other organizations it included. The New York *Times* said that there were "90 GROUPS, SCHOOLS NAMED." *PM* gave it as "82 ORGANIZATIONS." The Baltimore *Sun* said, no, it should be "78 ORGANIZATIONS & 11 SCHOOLS," for a total of ninety-nine. And the Washington satrapy of Col. McCormick's empire was low as usual, with the *Times-Herald's* "78 GROUPS."

As a matter of fact, the Clark list contained the names of eighty-two organizations and eleven schools. However, his list cited the Communist Party twice, apparently for good measure. So you have a total of ninety-two, if the Party is named only once. But regardless of the bookkeeping aspects of the Clark list, it has—as was only to be expected—been found totally "inadequate" by the more vocal members of the Un-American Committee. Committee chairman J. Parnell Thomas publicly upbraided the Attorney General and threatened to make public *his* list of organizations that did not meet the Un-American specifications for loyalty.

"If the Attorney General can't do any better than this, the committee will supply a list that will put his to shame," said the former Mr. Feeney, with all the assurance of a man with his foot firmly planted on the collective neck of Hollywood's producers. Thomas further complained that Clark had failed to include "hundreds of Communist front organizations." Another Un-American, Rep. John McDowell (R., Pa.), laid the blame for failure to include organizations on *his* list in that given out by Clark to "some dopey clerk" in the Justice Department.

Going back for a moment to the audit side of this list imbroglio, the Un-Americans had already compiled their own list of 363 "subversive" organizations in 1946, compared to the mere ninety-two named by Clark. However, 1948 impends, and perhaps for that reason Clark looks a bit further ahead. After all, it would not do to name so many organizations that you left yourself in an un-subversive minority, with the American people a "subversive" majority.

How uncertain Clark is of the ground he treads in announcing such a list may be seen from his refusal to make public his standards of judgment. He said only that the list was based on "secret reports" submitted to him by the FBI, whose chief, J. Edgar Hoover, first gained notoriety in the great Red hunt conducted by Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer after the First World War.

The list was submitted at the request of what is called "the loyalty review board" of the Civil Service Commission. This board was created at the behest of President Truman to pass upon all citizens employed by the federal government. From the findings of this board there is no appeal, nor need there be any information to the accused as to why he was discharged, who the board's informers were, nor of what he was subversive.

IN THE State Department eleven men have been discharged for a subversion unnamed, for a suspicion unverified—their careers ruined, their names blackened so that they may not find other employment because they cannot explain why they were discharged. In such a context, it is bitter irony that the State Department should display replicas of the documents carried aboard the Freedom Train, on behalf of something called Rededication Week. "Rededication to what?" one State employe asked. "To the First Amendment? To the Sixth, which guarantees the accused the right to confront and question his accusers?"

He might have said to the Fifteenth as well. Seeking a ballroom in which they might hold their annual dance, the Washington Newspaper Guild has been unable to secure a place in which Negro and white citizens would alike be welcome. And currently the Negro people of Washington, ghettoed by that nasty-nice phrase, "restrictive covenants," are keeping their children from the schools assigned them, because they are segregated schools, second-hand schools no longer considered good enough for white children. Overcrowded and dilapidated, the schools are considered "good enough" for those American citizens whose equal rights are guaranteed by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Washington has some thirty "laws" giving such segregation legal sanction. And the Freedom Train rolls on.

While this was happening, the ten from Hollywood who refused to yield before the political inquisition of the Un-American Committee were indicted by a federal grand jury on contempt of Congress charges in the District Federal Court. All of five minutes was required to hand down the indictments.

But all the hysteria, the hate, the fear, the suspicion that engendered these developments are no mere happenstance. They are all products of the same dollar delusions that are leading the administration toward the brink of fascist disaster and war. Listen: "United States security today is global. It embraces India, China, the Middle East, Europe, the whole world."

Who speaks? A former partner in the Wall Street banking and brokerage firm of Brown Bros'. Harriman, now Secretary of Defense—James V. Forrestal. Why does he speak thus? To support larger appropriations for an Air Force now spending $2,000,000,000 per year.

The same sort of speeches echo in the halls of Congress in greater or lesser fierceness, depending on the discretion of the Senator or Congressman. A few voices are raised against this drive to dominate the world—by war, if need be: those of Glen Taylor in the Senate, Sadowski and Marcantonio in the House, to name a few. But the Democrats and Republicans have largely lost their identity in the scramble to endorse the American Centurion's dream of world domination via the Marshall Plan.

But perhaps before long we shall see still another list of subversives proclaimed—the real subversives this time, those subversive of the people's livelihood and welfare. In fact, there is no need to proclaim it, since such a list is already a matter of public record—the list of those who voted for the Taft-Hartley Act.

A. L. J.

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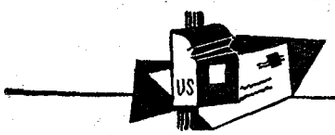
mail call



Injustice to Machiavelli

To New Masses: It seems to me it was an injustice to include Machiavelli among a listing of reactionaries and obscurantists such as Casanova, Czar Nicholas, Mikhailovitch, Cotton Mather and Alexander Hamilton in a recent NM cartoon (November 18).

While I am in no position to make the best defense of Machiavelli I might say that the tendency has been for Marxists to ascribe to the genius of Machiavelli a progressive content. If we were to appraise Machiavelli in an arbitrary unhistorical manner certainly we would be taken in by the "holy" bourgeois ideologists who one-sidedly bring to the fore the "Machiavellian cunning" aspect of his contributions. The bourgeois ideologists want us to forget Machiavelli's fight against the papacy and the fact that he strove for a united Italy 300 years before its final realization.

Tony Lombardo.

New York.

Justice to Bierce

To New Masses: Congratulations for your magazine's growing broadmindedness. I mean particularly S. Finkelstein's two favorable references to Ambrose Bierce in your September 30 issue (in all respects an excellent number). Finkelstein mentions Bierce's journalistic struggle against crooked politicians and his service in the Union Army during the Civil War as progressive efforts.

In the old days of political sectarianism these two dominant traits of Bierce's life would have been overlooked, and he would have been scorned for his "anti-socialism," a mere verbal posture in view of his life and work. Finkelstein correctly recognizes Bierce's deeds as more important than his words. As one who cut his literary eyeteeth partly on Bierce, I, for one, early caught fire against all entrenched oligarchy on such writings as his brilliant satires against such malefactors in and out of office as Collis Huntington and other robber barons who were despoiling America.

It indicates a new critical maturity, needed very much in these trying times when young writers and other creative artists need the guidance they can get from giants of the past who in their lives and works fought against wrong and injustice. You correctly show that Bierce was one of them.

Pfc. R. A. Berdish.

Camp Carson, Colo.

Roses to Ward

To New Masses: Your November 11 issue contains an article by the Rev. Harry F. Ward entitled "Method in Madness." This article is concise and contains much that is directive and educative for America's working masses. I would also include those theoretically educated liberals who seem to think that they are the annointed of the Lord and destined to guide and direct the poor ignorant working masses forever more.

I think this is the finest thing of its kind I have ever had the pleasure of reading and I certainly hope that you will see fit to reprint it cheaply in leaflet form. Please convey to Dr. Ward my hearty congratulations for his superb effort and tell him that I once heard him preach at a Methodist church in Berkeley about thirty years ago and his sermon was so much beyond the average Sunday effort that its memory has remained with me all these many years. He may himself recall that sermon, for a part of it was the recitation of a poem by Margaret Widdemer called "The Factory."

F. G. Shallenberger.

Berkeley, Cal.

Lettuce to NM

To New Masses: I have not since before the war had a New Masses benefit, but now that some of the old crowd drive their cars again I may be able from time to time to help out with the finances.

I started the past Sunday with supper for our club. There were nine who came. I furnished all the "makings" and charged them 75 cents each for meatloaf, scalloped potatoes, pickles, green vegetables, black raspberry jelly (home-made), bread, coffee and fruit pudding for dessert.

We had a very pleasant time with our State Organizer present and realized $6.75. Today I got my November 11 issue of NM and after reading Harry Ward's "Method in Madness" I decided to add something to the above amount. By the time I had finished "Crossfire" I had mentally added another dollar. So I am sending ten dollars instead of $6.75. I know you will know how to use it. There is no more important magazine printed than New Masses. I wish I could rightly tell you how much it means to me, and how much it must mean to many others.

Bertha E. Franklin.

Oregon, Wis.

To NEW MASSES (See Page Two)
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review and comment

JACK LONDON—REBEL

The contradictions in his life and work are overshadowed by his revolutionary insights.

By CHARLES WASON

Most second-hand bookstores can sell you a copy of *The Call of the Wild*—published in 1903—the book that made and set Jack London's reputation. It was his sixth published book, and the fifth to deal with Alaskan adventure. It is, indeed, a gripping tale of red-blooded struggle amid the Arctic snows where man and beast must be strong or die. This is Jack London as he is generally known — an over-grown Boy Scout who had a knack for telling dog-stories.

London, however, wrote nearly fifty books more, among them some of the best novels, stories and essays that the American socialist movement has produced — *The People of the Abyss* (1903), a study of slum life in the city of London; *The Sea Wolf* (1904), brutal hardship aboard a seal-hunting vessel in the Pacific; *War of the Classes* (1905), essays on labor and socialism; *Before Adam* (1906), anthropology in fiction form; *The Iron Heel* (1907), his biggest novel, an amazing anticipation of fascism in America; *The Road* (1907), sketches of tramp-life, prison and police; *Martin Eden* (1909), artistically his soundest novel, in which a worker masters and discards bourgeois culture; *Revolution* (1910), essays; *The Strength of the Strong* (1911-14), historical and labor fiction. London wrote much after this, but never so well, nor so consistently with a socialist worker's view of life. It is from this body of London's best work that Philip Foner has recently made an excellent selection — including *The Apostate*, a great story of child labor; *The Dream of Debs*, a story of a national general strike; *South of the Slot*, a labor-police battle in San Francisco; the remarkable pages of *Martin Eden* which describe work in a laundry, and sections of *The Iron Heel*.* Thus, in assembling London's best social writings, Mr. Foner necessarily included much of his best fiction.

By republishing so much of London that has been neglected or suppressed, and by writing an illuminating essay on London's relation to socialist thought and action in his time, Mr. Foner has brought us some bright and sharp weapons. London's essays and stories have reached workers and built socialist consciousness all over the world. They were a real force in American politics during the first two decades of this century. They can be an important influence on American thought again. With all his weaknesses, Jack London is our first and best proletarian writer.

It is not surprising, then, that the literary historians have exploited London's many weaknesses. V. L. Parrington felt that he was a potential naturalist, overcome by "zeal of revolution," who lacked restraint and finish. Fred L. Pattee said that his work cannot be enduring because it is materialist in philosophy. Granville Hicks, though attempting Marxism, emphasized London's disintegration, his interest in money, his racism, his attraction to the Nietzchean superman. Hicks thought him little of a socialist and never a thinker.

All such criticisms of London have basis in fact, yet every one of his weaknesses was contradicted in his life and his work. He was vain and ambitious, but no one was more helpful to young writers. He plumped for Anglo-Saxon supremacy, but even in *The Yellow Peril* he spoke of the "faith in ourselves which may be as erroneous as are most fond race fancies." He longed to make money but never pinched a penny. He could give us refined bourgeois love in *The Sea Wolf*, otherwise harshly realistic—

> "My woman, my one small woman," I said. . . .
>
> "My man," she said, looking at me for an instant with tremulous lids which fluttered down and veiled her eyes as she snuggled her head against my breast with a happy little sigh. . . .
>
> "One kiss, dear love," I whispered. "One kiss more before they come."
>
> "And rescue us from ourselves," she completed, with a most adorable smile, whimsical as I had never seen it, for it was whimsical with love.

This is pretty bad, yet *Martin Eden* and *South of the Slot* show that London had measured such love against the honest passion to be found among men and women of the working class and could write intelligently about both.

More important than London's inconsistency is the fact that he is quite out of tune with the dominant trend in fiction today. He was primarily a story-teller, dealing with external rather than psychological conflict. His novels were novels of action, and he had heroes in his stories—usually primitive tribesmen or modern workers. He avoided the main theme of serious contemporary bourgeois fiction—the splintered personality, middle-class individualism caught in the industrial machine.

The Iron Heel, for example, is thoroughly a novel of revolutionary socialism, analyzing in bold, substantially Marxist terms the whole of American life, holding forth to the US and to the world the perspective of socialism, anticipating the danger and the major characteristics of fascism, seeing socialism attained only by highly organized and heroic struggle. In *The Iron Heel* London rejects many illusions: about the possibility of an "enlightened" state capitalism, of reviving laissez-faire, about gradualism, about bourgeois ethics and culture. In short, he eliminates false choices and

* *Jack London, American Rebel*: A collection of his social writings together with an extensive study of the man and his times, edited by Philip S. Foner. Citadel. $3.50.

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asks "Which side are you on?" It is an epic novel, based on a strong, clear, inclusive philosophy. And it moves and breathes.

London sings, in his best books, of a new hero, the worker who fights his way up out of the "social pit." It is hard to think of another Western writer who creates epics around effective worker-heroes. London wished them to have Homeric or Shakespearean stature. London's blond muscularity, and that of his heroes, has been the easiest target of ridicule. But neither London nor Ernest Everhard (hero of *The Iron Heel*) is right by virtue of his muscles or his blondness. Both are right by virtue of their historical materialist thinking. Martin Eden is no mere red-blooded athlete. His Nietzchean-Spencerian determination leads him finally to despair and suicide, but before that he moves, in his own life, through the whole history of man—from a state lower than that of sensual pleasure to the heights of philosophical creativeness. London's highly-colored characterizations and his rather "elevated" style are suitable to his themes. Romantic forms change their quality when they contain realism. Young writers, especially, can learn from London that there are other effective styles than the sad, grey little style of *New Yorker* magazine fiction.

Though Jack London may never be finally judged a "great" writer, he has many of the qualities of a writer of the first rank: thoughtfulness, an acute sense of historical process, a big imagination and the firm knowledge that life is struggle—the source of the essential conflict in dramatic art.

Communist Scientist

SCIENCE ADVANCES, *by J. B. S. Haldane. Macmillan.* $3.

THIS is a collection of about eighty essays, the majority of which have appeared in the London *Daily Worker* during the last four years. They deal with a large variety of subjects, from an estimate of Newton to bird migration, the common cold, the electromicroscope and genetics in the Soviet Union. The main divisions may give some idea of the content: some great men; animals and plants; human physiology and evolution; medicine; hygiene; inventions; Soviet and Nazi science. The last chapter is on human life and death at high pressure and

"Folk Songs," oil by Lena Gurr. At the ACA Gallery through December 20.

gives an account of some of the work the author did during the war.

Haldane is a fascinating writer and shows how popular short-story writing on science should be done to be successful. His knowledge of natural science is remarkably universal; few living men can match his understanding in so many different fields. With Frederick Engels, to whom he often refers, he shares the gift of being popular without condescension and without sacrifice of scientific standing. Yet with all its detailed information the book is not a display of erudition. Haldane explains science as an integral part of modern life itself. It is an especially good book for teachers, since it shows the spirit in which science should be taught—not only as a useful and vital subject but one that on many occasions can be as exciting as the exploits of the football team.

To me the most important aspect of Haldane's essays is that they show that no intelligent approach to the larger—and to many smaller—scientific problems is possible without an intelligent understanding of society. And also that a scientific approach to social conditions must influence the correct handling of many problems in pure and applied science. Here is where Haldane's Marxism comes in, as the natural mode of thinking of a man who conceives of science in the first place as a social activity with the whole of humanity as its goal.

Marxism is often considered something extraneous to our life, a complicated theory at least as difficult to learn as the integral calculus. Haldane presents Marxism as a natural element of our experience, a way of thinking based on common sense—one that facilitates the integration of scientific facts in the varied fields and lays the basis for a unified understanding of the world. In Haldane's words, commenting on Engels' and Lenin's studies on physics: "Marxism can be applied to all branches of science as well as to economics and history, and no Marxist can neglect the progress of physics." We find a number of illustrative examples in this book.

How about that famous "change of quantity into quality"? Physiology shows that oxygen, nitrogen and even water, which are all necessary to life, can all become poisons if there is an overdose. And private property, which can be a necessity, as in case of shoes, can become a public danger—as in the case of armament shares. Haldane steers his way "between the extremists of the left, who think that a Soviet worker is a capitalist because he lends a few hundred roubles to the state, and those of the right, who think that because I can own a fountain pen, the Duke of Westminster should be allowed to own hundreds of acres of London."

How about this equally famous formulation of communism: "From each

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according to his ability, to each according to his needs"? Some people think that it is impossible to determine human needs, and that therefore communism is impracticable. Haldane points out that it is very well possible to determine them. As a matter of fact, biology is now contributing greatly to the study of methods to ascertain human needs. We begin to know nutritional needs—the successful British rationing system during the war was largely based on experiments on rats. Human physiological needs, which differ from trade to trade, begin to be known, and we can also have some good ideas on the intellectual atmosphere a scientific worker needs. The advance of science will make it easier to establish that rational mode of existence, which will allow everybody to live "according to his needs."

We touch here, I believe, upon a problem which has also an ethical aspect. Science, in helping us to determine our actual needs and to reach that abundance which is necessary to satisfy them, will also help to eliminate the "dog-eat-dog" attitude which is typical of a society where many people are not able to satisfy even their most elementary needs, and some people receive far too much. Haldane stresses the fact that human character can be changed, even in one generation: "The younger generation in the Soviet Union mostly take it for granted that men and women will work together for the common good. They regard the struggle for one's own interests which is inevitable under capitalism as being not so much wicked as ridiculous selfishness."

DIRK J. STRUIK.

Condemned to Freedom

THE REPRIEVE, *by Jean-Paul Sartre. Knopf. $3.*

THE second volume of Sartre's trilogy, *The Roads to Freedom*, is a newsreel of the eight days leading to the Munich Pact. Its technique is that of the semi-documentary that Hollywood has recently produced, presenting Chamberlain, Daladier, Hitler among the large cast of characters that Sartre reintroduces from the first novel and many more appearing for the first time. Scenes cut in on each other; a line, or a mood, fade in to another scene related in feeling or in significance. Sometimes, like montage on the screen, the expressions, outcries, actions or unrelated characters are given in one sentence or paragraph. Sartre does not go as far as Joyce to present actions that are simultaneous in time, for he seems to want to be immediately understood; but his hold on a naturalistic style is often precarious.

The advantages of this presentation seem to be secondary: a scene acts as commentary on the preceeding one, a mood is reinforced. But it seems, above all, a device to escape the actionless, contemplative novel that *The Age of Reason* was accused of being, for usually the only connecting link or significance of these short actions is that they happen on the dates that constitute the chapter headings.

It is Sartre's view, seldom explicit but yet deeply imbedded in the motives of his characters and in the conception of his novel, that materialism has failed Western man because it has allowed him a great dishonesty—to refrain from action, from choosing—by allowing him to place the burden of his excuses on forces "outside" himself. Thus Chamberlain, Daladier (but, curiously, not Hitler) and almost all the characters of the book cannot but do what they do. It is not because of the social or political significance of that famous week in Nazi conquest and Western appeasement that Sartre has chosen it for the time of the action, but rather because it demonstrates on a historical level what he has heretofore said about the individual consciousness: "Man is nothing but what he makes of himself."

To prove his thesis—that man is anguished because he must consciously or unconsciously choose with responsibility, forlorn because there is no God—Sartre assembles a crowd of characters who exhibit these emotional responses in various degrees: from the cripple who is propelled through the world on his stretcher to Mathieu, again the main character of the book, who frees himself by coming to the existentialist view of things.

Mathieu at the beginning of the book is vacationing in Southern France when his class is mobilized, and at the end is at an army camp when the immediate possibility of war has been postponed by the Munich Pact. In the eight days of the action he sits on the beach, contemplates an affair with his sister-in-law, minces about politics, sees his friend from Spain, travels belatedly to Paris to be mobilized, and there, along with sleeping with two women, finds time to review his past. He crosses the path of a few of the characters of the book but that adds no significance to the story. Occasionally some of the other characters in the book meet but, again, it is not for the sake of any "plot." Their self-enclosed stories may be the result of Sartre's view of society as a kind of aggregate of isolated, subjective consciousnesses, so that one cannot help but deduce that for the existentialist the only lesson to be derived from history is a moral one. Thus the only cohesive factor in the book, the only one that gives it form, is not the story or the historical event but Sartre's philosophy.

Mathieu strikes again and again the main philosophical theme of the book. First, on the way to Paris, he sees that the war, the world, like the very solar systems, "disintegrate into tiny fragments, and nothing but consciousnesses" are left. Definition becomes addition, but "there is no one there to add it up. It exists solely for God. But God does not exist. And yet war exists."

This a stage in Mathieu's consciousness that leads him to become "free" as Sartre would want every man to be. Before reporting to the army he goes to his apartment and realizes that the war has destroyed the past for him and he is now able to be free to choose without a dragging sense of the past. He realizes that there is nothing in the outer world or in himself and comes to the startling conclusion that he is free. He thinks. "I am nothing; I possess nothing. . . . Outside the world, outside the past, outside myself: freedom is exile, and I am condemned to be free." When the news of the pact comes to the camp he is momentarily disheartened because he might have to go back to the old life which had stood in the way of his achieving his new philosophy, but he says to himself, "Let them have their war, or not, I don't care; I am not duped. . . . I'm free, and shall remain so."

The episode that follows and which closes the book is of Daladier returning to France from Munich. There are crowds at the airport cheering him, and Daladier, who considers himself a creature of circumstance also, turns to his assistant and says, "The God-damned fools!" With these words the book ends. The projected last novel of the trilogy is to be called "The Last Chance" and one wonders whether it refers to the people, for Sartre's hero seems well on his way now. No doubt Sartre is saying that had everyone ar-

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rived at the same conclusions that Mathieu did, Munich Pacts would never occur.

However, the reader cannot but suspect that the suspension of probabilities implicit in the existentialist view of freedom on the social as well as the individual level—the party that might any day lose its revolutionary principle, the train that might not arrive on time—gives history over to the existentialists as another source of thrills and chills.

Yet Sartre is an interesting writer to read. He is, given his limitations, a fine and integrated writer. It must be trying for the reader to encounter in almost every review of Sartre's books expositions and critiques of existentialism; but, although we have not gone fully into its implications as a study of Sartre would allow, it cannot, in some measure, be avoided. Sartre is not like, say, Balzac, whose beliefs seem like gratuitous commentary or additions to the real core of his work. The philosophy of existentialism does not obtrude in Sartre's novels but it is always there, permeating, coloring, and subtly exemplified in his story.

However, as with any writer who feels deeply the material with which he deals, there is room here for the perceptions of a reader who does not accept Sartre's interpretation of the individual or the historical event. And Sartre manages with his shifting, incisively-done scenes to capture the anguish of waiting that plagued the uncertain while Chamberlain shuttled back and forth between England and Germany.

JOSE YGLESIAS.

In Brief

THE HIGH COST OF PREJUDICE, *by Bucklin Moon. Messner.* $2.50. This work reminds one of Emerson's "Man the Reformer," written in 1841. There Emerson, referring to class lines which separated the so-called enlightened from "laboring men and women," remarked: "Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and for prisons is very ill laid out." Similarly, Mr. Moon's volume is devoted to demonstrating how "very expensive" racism is to "us." As a collation of data with this particular orientation, the work is valuable, but in leaving rather undefined the "us" to whom this is "expensive,' and the others to whom it has been and is both profitable and useful, it suffers from a certain degree of over-simplification and even superficiality. It may be recalled that all Emerson could suggest in a positive sense, on the basis of his analysis, was: "the sentiment of love . . . is the one remedy for all ills." Mr. Moon's final two or three chapters are very much more profound than this and are definitely worth study, but the book as a whole suffers from a certain transcendental obliviousness to the reality of the intimate causal and functional relationship between finance capitalism and chauvinism.

JOURNEY WITHIN, *by Romain Rolland. Philosophical Library.* $3. This is an interior autobiography by the author of *Jean-Christophe.* It represents only the first book of the larger work, *Songe d'une Vie* (Dream of a Life) which was written in 1924. In consequence, it is an unfamiliar Rolland the author depicts for those who know him principally for his cultural leadership in the Communist world and for his stalwart defense of the Soviet Union against its enemies. The *Journey Within* is exactly what the title suggests: it is a sensitive chronicle of the emotional and intellectual forces that moulded the childhood and youth of the author. The delicate self-analysis, the almost childlike sincerity, the earnest groping for understanding of himself and of others, clearly attest to a remarkable and rare intellect. Written in the poetic lush style of a bygone literary fashion, the work has the impact of searching truth and nobility. It is pervaded throughout by the melancholy of disenchantment with the world which cast its shadow over Rolland before he discovered the bright promise of communism.

WHIRLWIND IN PETTICOATS, *by Beril Becker. Doubleday.* $3.75. Fictionalized biography of Victoria Woodhull, adventuress of the last century who was at various times in her sensational career a spiritualist, "magnetic healer," stockbroker and advocate of women's rights.

FILMS OF THE WEEK

THERE is nothing like a prolonged absence from the movie houses to give you a proper perspective on the antics contained within the average film. The irrational behavior of the characters never seems more astonishing, the motives that move them never more obscure, their angers and joys never more childish, their concerns never more trivial. You look stealthily around you, wondering why the audience sits so patiently through it all. But alas, this clear-eyed objectivity lasts for only a short while. Soon the old familiar lassitude begins to creep over you. The stupifying persuasiveness that is the strength of the movie takes hold. The brain goes to sleep. The eyelids begin to droop, allowing just enough light to register the film image on the retina.

Thus I returned to my chores with *Green Dolphin Street, Her Husband's Affairs and Golden Earrings.* I made the cardinal error of inviting my nephew along. He was restless during the first two and during the third asked me, rather loudly, if I spent so much time at the movies because it was difficult to find a job.

To the Palace I went alone, where *Out Of The Past,* from the novel *Build My Gallows High,* is doing its best for R.K.O. It is the killer type of film made familiar by *Farewell, My Lovely; The Killers; The Blue Dahlia,* ad infinitum. In addition to the well-heeled killer, the fearless private dick, the innocent heroine, the tough moll with the long bob and the laconic speech, the myriad double-crossers, the faithful taxi-driver and the patient, persistent homicide men, the film also offers choice bits of observation like, "All women are marvelous, they reduce men to the obvious," and, from the taxi-driver to the private operative, "You're worried." "How do you know?" asks the private eye. "Because you don't look it," answers the taxi-driver. In the end, the private dick gets killed as he is leaving for Mexico with the tough gal, who has shot no less than four men during the film. As the lights went on a man behind me said, "The detective shouldn't have got mixed up with that dame. Anybody could see that she was very unsettled."

"CASS TIMBERLANE" is just a short step above the others, chiefly through the knowing efforts of Donald Ogden Stewart, who wrote the script and adapted the film story from the original of Sinclair Lewis. But even his skill does not lift the film any appreciable distance from the floor. It was intended as a study of a judge in a medium-sized Midwest town and his struggle to preserve his integrity. By the simple act of casting Lana Turner as the young wife, the film becomes another tired depiction of an attactive woman who longs for something more exciting than small-town country-club life. When she exclaims that she is being stifled by the social heroes of her husband's set, you have some hope for

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her. But when she rapturously embraces the cocktail and night-club life as the solution to her problems, the future of her marriage become infinitely less important than ten minutes of beautiful shuteye.

Two films worth seeing are *Panic* (Rialto) and *My Father's House* (Ambassador). The latter, which has been around for some time, was made in Palestine by Meyer Levine and Herbert Klein and deals only obliquely and by inference with the current Palestine issue. It is not a political film, as it has been called by some critics, but in pursuit of its theme—that of a small refugee trying to find his parents and relatives—it gives some fine documentary glimpses of the life that has been established there since the First World War. It shows too the unconscious (that is to say, the genuine) fraternization between Arabs and Jews, including an episode in which some Arabs help Jewish farmers begin a new settlement. As the small boy wanders from town to town in search of his family we get a panorama of the countryside, its teeming farm life, the bathing beaches along the Jordan and the Dead Sea, the olive groves, the outdoor cafes and other appurtenances of thriving communities.

The communities had to cope with many psychological problems presented by survivors of the late unlamented concentration camps, and singling out a particular one for a film is certainly valid. Yet in concentrating on the problem of the youngster who discovers that his parents never came out of Poland alive the film-makers have overlooked the larger difficulties of Palestine today: the fact that even the long-dreamed-of homeland offers no security against persecution. The film offers not a glimpse of the British, the difficulties of bringing Jews into Palestine, and the agonies that prevent the fulfillment of that life so tenderly depicted.

Panic, directed by Duvivier, purports to be a study of crowd psychology and the cruel behavior of a crowd that is agitated by easily-provoked anger and emotion. The plot revolves around a murderer and his girl, and their successful efforts to pin the murder on an unpopular character in the neighborhood. The ingredients are clumsily handled, thus making for an unpersuasive whole. The victim of crowd persecution is neither sufficiently hateful nor ugly nor malicious to merit the hatred of the community; the murderer's girl, torn between her love for her man, and a growing revulsion over her part in framing the innocent victim, shows little of the struggle going on within her and creates, consequently, an unbelievable portrait. And finally, the Grand Guignol ending is just a little too pat for the purposes of realism. The victim, who hangs onto the edge of the rooftop for quite a while, lets go the very moment he is about to be rescued. He is no sooner pronounced dead than the police stumble across evidence pointing to the real murderer. The ending is a little too reminiscent of the girl who swallows poison to escape her attacker at the moment that her hero and a regiment of gendarmerie are breaking down the door.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

THEATER

THE first thing to say of the Katharine Cornell-Guthrie McClintic production of *Antony and Cleopatra* is that it should not be missed. The play contains some of Shakespeare's greatest poetry, and the production is a distinguished one.

Some of the challenges, however, in the play itself and in arranging it for a modern audience are not fully met. A note in the playbill takes pride in the fact that this is the most complete version given in recent times. That completeness extends it an hour beyond the ordinary theater evening. I don't think the hour would have been felt had it been filled with dramatic movement acceptable to the modern taste. Being filled, instead, with the hecatomb that was acceptable to the Elizabethan taste, the hour dragged.

It would have served Shakespeare better to have cut. The conventions of his time called for funeral pageantry as endings. The dyings in *Antony and Cleopatra* seem as numerous and, certainly, as long as in any of Shakespeare's tragedies. Dying to poetic declamation, so affecting to some past audiences, try a modern audience as much as the operatic deaths where the singer is miraculously in fullest voice at his last gasp. Up to the successive slow deaths of Enobarbus, Eros, Antony, Cleopatra, Charmian and Iris, the play had a stately but vigorous pace. With cuts and telescoping of the

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too-numerous brief final scenes the latter half could have held the pace.

As for the acting it was, as in fact Shakespeare wrote it, more Antony's (here Godfrey Tearle's) play than Cleopatra's (Katharine Cornell's). Playing in a role of more restricted range Kent Smith, as the true-hearted cynic Enobarbus, gave the best single performance. Miss Cornell brings great intelligence and skill to her role but not the dimension it calls for: one does not feel in it the calculated seduction, the hysterical cruelty, the cowardice which led to her desertion of her lover in the battle crisis—the poisoning dependence, which, in a sort of symbiotic union of weaknesses, appears to have been the real hold Cleopatra had over men.

Yet it remains a distinguished production. The settings by Leo Kerz and the costuming by Valentina and John Boyt gave a fine effect of majesty without clutter and gloss.

DOROTHY GARDNER's dramatization of the life of Emily Dickinson in *Eastward of Eden* is well worth seeing though it does not answer the questions raised by one of the most poignantly secret lives in the history of literature—and though as an evocation of the poetry it does not equal Martha Graham's dance composition to the poems grouped together in the famous "Letter to the World."

Emily Dickinson's widower father was a typical nineteenth-century bourgeois household tyrant. Amherst, where she lived, was a typically prim New England community. Here were openings for social and psychological understanding that Miss Gardner barely entered. For example, the social pressures which must have helped much to push the poet's impulses inward is expressed —and dismissed—in a type portrait of a prude. Since the prude is discomfited in the scene in which she appears, there is no sense of the real power of the social pressures.

In essence what Miss Gardner does is to reverse the process of the poet's sublimation, to put the vitality, the sensuous love of life contained in the poetry back into her real life. But that intensifies its contradictions. How can this full-blooded young woman rebuff virile young men for a platonic, letter-writing affair with a much older man, married and a minister? How can so ambitious a mind reject publication of her poetry, reject travel, refuse to participate in the intellectual life of her time?

Miss Beatrice Straight, as Emily, intensifies the contradictions with her womanly radiance, her energetic grace. The tragedy of the repression of such vigorous life becomes more palpable but, at the same time, its sources become more incomprehensible. In their simpler roles Onslow Stevens as the minister, John O'Connor as the father and Beatrice Manley as the sister gave effective performances. The settings by Donald Oenslager were accurate and handsome; and Ellen van Volkenberg's direction was intelligent and sensitive.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Attention, Playwrights!

Peoples Theater of Chicago is offering prizes of $25, $15 and $10 for the three best dramatic skits, sketches or one-act plays suitable for presentation to trade unions and other organizations. The winning scripts are guaranteed production.

Anyone is eligible. Scripts should be typed on one side of the page, with the author's name and address on the title page. Scripts should be sent to Peoples Theater, c/o Sander, 30 East Division Street, Chicago 10, Ill., and must be postmarked on or before Jan. 31, 1948. All scripts submitted become the property of Peoples Theater. Judges will be Jack Conroy, well-known writer, critic and editor; Gertrude Gunter and Lucille Colbert of Stage for Action, Margaret Taylor Goss, writer and artist, and Helen Spaulding of Skyloft Players.

THOUGH *Thursdays Till 9*, presented by the CIO's New York Department Store Joint Board, is not another *Pins and Needles*, it is witty and exuberant and, for the most part, an entertaining musical.

Here are the tribulations and dreams of employes of the symbolic R. H. Maybe department store in provocative tunes and rhymes by Henry Foner and Norman Franklin. David Pressman's direction is exciting, particularly in the group movements. The choreography of Muriel Manings and Bill Korff occasionally tingles the senses. Creditable performances are turned in by Bill Judd, Bea Phillips, Beth Pettigrew and Charles Cain, all department store workers who rehearsed these labors of love after working hours.

If *Thursdays Till 9* fails to evoke unanimous accolades, it may be attributed to Messrs. Foner's and Franklin's ambivalent wavering between the music comedy and revue forms.

Thursdays Till 9 is scheduled for further showings to trade union members in January. It will probably benefit by changes in the book by then, but it is well worth seeing and hearing in any case.

ELI JAFFE.

MUSIC

THANKS to the three-concert festival organized recently by the Juilliard School of Music, and broadcast by WNYC, New York music lovers were able to get a comprehensive survey of the music of Ernest Bloch, one of the giants among modern composers.

His work does not answer to everything one looks for in contemporary music. It offers, however, a great deal, the appreciation of which has been limited by the partisanship that has obsessed present-day composition, so that those who write in one style feel it necessary to deprecate those who write in another. Now that we are able to see modern art in better perspective we can appreciate Bloch for what he has to give us, just as we can appreciate Bartok, Schoenberg and Prokofieff. His character is that of a romantic national composer. He uses Jewish melodic themes very freely, and develops them to a polytonality, or counterpoint of two or more keys, like the music of Bartok or Stravinsky. Yet these qualities are placed on a strong foundation of Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms, as if Bloch felt the need to make use of the sensibility expressed in diatonic and chromatic harmony, the massive dynamics and rich textures of nineteenth-century music.

A romantic whose music always starts from an outpouring of personal feelings, his forms seem to move improvisationally rather than according to a planned, objective, controlled design. Yet he has not travelled the road of other romantics of our time—to a personal isolation from society. He is saved by his Jewish consciousness, which lends his music the character of speaking for an entire people. Its mood is often that of lamentation for present

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and past oppression, but there are also passages of serenity and optimistic struggle. His growth had been slow and his output relatively small. Abhorring showmanship for its own sake, he never puts down a note that is not deeply felt. He has never found a completely satisfactory intellectual and national home, and such a life is not conducive to a constant flow of fresh experiences. But his "Israel" symphony, his Quintet for Piano and Strings, his Second String Quartet, his Rhapsody "Schelomo" for Cello and Orchestra, among the works played at the festival, will remain with us for a long time. They provide a kind of musical experience found in no other composer of our time.

ON RECORDS: This month is a conductor's holiday. Bruno Walter offers a most affectionately phrased reading of Schubert's "Unfinished," the best on records, with the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia 699). Serge Koussevitzky does a good, straightforward reading of the Beethoven "Eroica," not quite as fine in detail as Weingartner's, but benefiting from the magnificent playing of the Boston Orchestra (RCA Victor 1161). Dmitri Mitropoulos turns in one of his best recorded performances with the Rachmaninoff Second Symphony, leading the Minneapolis Orchestra. The work is a serious one, with many beauties, if long and labored in its development (RCA Victor 1148). Beecham will amaze you with his slow tempos in Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," which his driving yet elastic beat makes convincing (RCA Victor 1163). Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" do to a turn that piece of French pastry, the complete Offenbach ballet "Gaite Parisienne" (RCA Victor 1147).

Chamber-music lovers will rejoice over Mozart's D Major Quintet, K. 593, one of his most subtle and affecting works, excellently performed by the Budapest Quartet and Milton Katims, viola (Columbia 708). Novaes offers a small-scale but beautifully executed performance of Chopin's A-Flat Ballad (Columbia). Robert Shaw's reading of Bach's Cantata No. 140, "Sleepers Awake," is disappointingly hurried and staccato in the choral passages, but the wonderful music makes the set worth having (RCA Victor 1162).

S. FINKELSTEIN.

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